

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

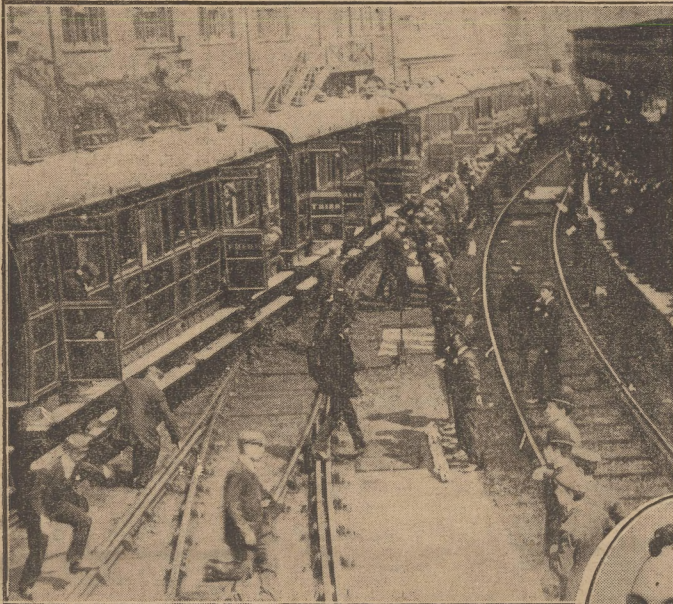
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One Halfpenny.

## DUMMY RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT KING'S CROSS—'FIRST AID' COMPETITION



Strange scenes were witnessed at King's Cross Station during the competition for the "Osborn" shield by squads of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Here the ambulance men are seen arriving at the scene of an imaginary railway accident to render "first-aid" to the wounded.



The "injured" men were lying all along the line, and the ambulance men at once proceeded to attend to their injuries with materials ready to hand, such as straps, handkerchiefs, neckties, pieces of board, etc.



Dr. Osborn, whose portrait appears in the centre of the page, judging the work of the competitors. He presented the shield which was awarded to the winners, the team representing the North London Railway.

After giving "first-aid" to the "injured," the competitors had to put them on the train ready to be taken back to an imaginary hospital. Bad cases—men who were so badly injured that they could not bear the jolting of the train—were slung from the racks.







## CHALLENGE TO FRANCE.

Indignant at the Hospitality  
Shown to Rojstvensky.

## CRITICAL SITUATION.

Is Russia Trying To Drag France  
and England Into the War?

Between France and Japan a crisis is reached over the Kamranh Bay incident.

In Tokio public feeling burns with resentment at the alleged hospitality shown by France to Rojstvensky's fleet in sheltering the Russian Admiral for so long a period in territorial waters. It is no mere flare of injured pride. Nor is it bluff. The Japs do not follow the Russian bluffing tactics. They weigh their words, and mean what they say.

In plain terms the situation is serious, and contains an element of real danger.

The vital question is: Has France virtually and of set purpose aided her ally, Russia, and will Japan, taking this view, appeal to Great Britain to fulfil the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty? That Treaty clearly states:

**If any other Power or Powers should join the enemy against the ally, the other high contracting party will go to its assistance, and will conduct war in common.**

Japanese newspapers describe the part taken by France in this awkward affair as "double-faced," and they challenge our friends across the Channel to openly declare themselves active allies of Russia.

France, on her part, claims to have observed the letter and the spirit of the law of neutrality at Kamranh Bay.

Lafan's correspondent on the spot asserts that Rojstvensky's fleet was so short of supplies when it reached Kamranh Bay that had it not been provisioned from Saigon it would have been helpless.

The Russian warships took on board supplies of food and coal.

The same correspondent also asserts that Rojstvensky was allowed to make full use of the French cable at Saigon, of course for war purposes.

## FRANCE CHALLENGED.

The Tokio correspondent of the "Times" sends the following message:

"Even when the country was on the verge of war with Russia the Japanese Press did not show greater excitement and indignation than it does at present."

Japan's confidence has been radically shaken in the integrity of France's good will and pacific purpose, and on France alone will rest the responsibility of carrying matters beyond the realm of diplomacy.

"The newspapers challenge France to abandon her double-faced dealing as unworthy of a great Power and to declare frankly for Russia."

"The united chambers of commerce of Japan are concerting measures to cease all commercial transactions with French citizens."

## JAPAN'S MINISTER'S VIEWS.

Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister, frankly admitted to the Press yesterday that the situation was a serious one, but he hoped that it would not result in any interference with the friendly relations which had long existed between Japan and France.

Negotiations with regard to the situation were proceeding in Paris, but he could express no opinion with regard to them.

The information at his disposal made it perfectly clear that the accounts of the assistance which Admiral Rojstvensky had received at the hands of the French officials were accurate.

In view of the proximity of French territory to Japan, it was impossible for the Japanese Government to regard with other than the most obvious concern the coaling, provisioning, and refitting of Russian ships in French waters or to adopt the view that a Power at peace could render such assistance to a belligerent fleet without committing a serious breach of the laws of neutrality.

## FRANCE INDIGNANT.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.—The French Government points out that French warships in Indo-China seas are policing the coasts and keeping watchful eyes on Rojstvensky's ships in order to remove any ground for Japan's protest that France is acting in complicity with her ally.

Irritation is felt in French political circles at the attitude of the British Press in supporting Japan in her accusations that France has been guilty of a breach of neutrality.

## RAUNDS STRIKERS MARCH ON LONDON.

Hungry Bootmakers Finish the First Nineteen Miles of  
Their Trip, Camping at Bedford.

## HOW WILL THE WAR OFFICE TREAT THE PETITION?

The striking bootmakers of Raunds started yesterday on their eighty-mile march to London. They are bound for the War Office in Pall Mall to make a demand of the Army Council that it shall pay such prices for boots bought for British soldiers as will give the men who make them a living.

The bootmakers finished the first stage of their journey—that is from Raunds to Bedford—a distance of nineteen miles, at six o'clock last evening. To-day they march to Luton, another stretch of nineteen miles. There they will camp for the night.

Councillor Gribble—the "general," he has been named—mustered his men at the Market-square at Raunds at half-past nine o'clock yesterday morning. There was an immense gathering. It included women and children made hungry and goaded to desperation through the wretched living afforded by a competition that has brought down the price of boots to 2s. 4d. a pair.

### PROVISIONS FOR THE "ARMY."

They were there to cheer their brothers and husbands on their march. The women had scraped together what food was left in their houses to give the men a breakfast before their long trudge.

Raunds was here. The manufacturers, whose strenuous bidding for War Office contracts has brought wages to the starvation point, rubbed shoulders with their striking workmen. Enmity was forgotten in the stress and excitement of the moment.

So that everything might be in order, "General" Gribble held a mass meeting before the start, and at this the army of 115 strikers bound for London were appointed a committee to parley with the servants of the Government in Pall Mall. The resolution giving them authority to speak for the Raunds starvers was as follows:—

"This meeting of Army boot workers calls upon the Army Council to at once institute an inquiry as to the wages paid for making Army boots by the following firms:—Adams Bros., William Lawrence and Co., Walter Lawrence and Co., Robert Coggins, Clark, and Haynes, St. Crispin Protective Society, all of Raunds, Ringstead Unity Society, Wollaston and Finedon Co-operative Societies, as they are contravening the fair wage clause inserted in all contracts."

### COMMISSION FOR THE LEADER.

"This meeting appoints James Gribble and a deputation consisting of 115 workers to proceed to the House of Commons to lay their grievances before Mr. Arnold-Forster, Secretary of State for War."

Then the hungry-looking, eager men put themselves into line. "General" Gribble addressed them earnestly, telling them in effect that the eyes of the country were upon them, and asking them to preserve a demeanour that will win them respect.

The band struck up "Edinwtown," a popular old-fashioned humm tune, the clock in a near-by steeple struck ten, and the march began.

The crowd cheered. Women with emaciated

babies in their arms wept, hysterically clapping the hands of their husbands—some thought for the last time, for there were rumours, believed by a few of the credulous, that the strikers will be met with force.

In the ranks are five men more than fifty years old. The eldest is just coming to his sixtieth year. He laughs at the suggestion that his courage will fail him.

"General" Gribble has chosen his men well. There are sixteen collectors, each with a money-box, who have carefully rehearsed their parts, marching twenty and thirty miles round the district every Saturday. They are sure they can keep this up.

Some of the men are sure that the War Office people will run away when they reach Pall Mall on Saturday and refuse to see them—"Repeating the mistake of the Tsar of Russia on Vladimir's day," said one sturdy Northampton striker.

Among the numerous body who accompanied the marching committee to Rushden, six miles on their journey, was a cripple with the use of only one leg. As he limped along he bemoaned the "hardness of heart" of "General" Gribble, who ordered him to return home, the reason being that he was so lame that he could not hamper himself with "wounded." After some search the poor fellow was able to borrow the bicycle of a reporter detailed for the march, and he was allowed to remain with the troop. The cripple rode the bicycle, the reporter walked.

### CHEERED BY WOMEN.

Rushden turned out in force to meet the noble army. Socialistic friends linked arms and dragged the wayfarers to the hospitable working men's club. Here part of the rations were eaten. Then a little speech on the green, a cheery rattling of boxes, and again the road was taken. Not another hour for seven miles. If the roads were dusty there were mud and a pleasant north-west breeze, and there was not a grumbling sound along the white road.

Up hill and down marched the little army. Sometimes there was music from the band to help on willing feet, sometimes a martial air broke out in a cheerful whistle, and the miles flew by.

The cyclists had gone on a long way before to make ready for the rest. At a wayside inn at Bedford, a tiny village six miles from Bedford, came the last halt. Here, on tables laid outside, were nine gallons in jugs and pans and pitchers. Dry throats were moistened, packs thrown aside for a few minutes. Then on again at a steady four miles an hour, until green fields gave place to houses, and triumphantly Bedford was reached at a few minutes after 6 p.m.

Dusty and travel-stained were the bootmakers, but neither footsores nor weary.

At Bedford hundreds of sympathisers cheered the men of Raunds, and escorted them along the busy High-street. They marched with heads up and quick military tramp to the Bull Inn, where accommodation had been provided by a sympathiser for sixty of them.

## GRUESOME RELICS.

Discovery of Victim of Great Mine Disaster  
of 1878.

Interest of a melancholy nature has been revived in the Welsh district of Abercarn by the discovery of the remains of a boy in the Prince of Wales Colliery.

He was one of the victims of the disastrous explosion which occurred in September, 1878, when between 260 and 270 miners were entombed, and something like 100 dead and alive were brought out.

Owing to the pit taking fire the workings had to be flooded, and the further work of recovering the bodies abandoned.

At the spot close to where the remains of the boy were found on Sunday, it was said that a trawl of corpses had to be left.

Only a few bones, a portion of a pair of boots, and leg straps were visible to the coroner's jury yesterday, and an open verdict was returned.

### DISCIPLINE ON SINKING SHIP.

After colliding in a fog near the Pollockrip lightship, with the barge Glendower, the steamer Aransas, from Boston, says a New York telegram, was sunk.

Admirable discipline was maintained, and out of thirty-seven passengers only one, a woman, was lost during the departure from the sinking steamer.

Major the Hon. Albert Austen, late of the 6th Foot, and nephew of the late Duchess of Cleveland, has died at Hastings.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Worry Over Defeated Hopes Affects  
His Health.

## DIARY OF AN M.P.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Monday Night.—Private information received at the House this evening states that Mr. Chamberlain is very much better.

It has unfortunately been apparent to Mr. Chamberlain's friends for some time that his condition of health is very far from satisfactory, and this has been shown by his irritability on many occasions during recent debates in the House.

It is no secret that he is very greatly disappointed at the lack of progress that has been made with the tariff reform movement during the last year or so, and this has worried him much more than most people imagine.

There is still a good deal of talk in the Lobby concerning the time Mr. Balfour is taking in replying to Mr. Chamberlain's questions in respect to tariff reform.

Some of the tariff reformers to-night are beginning to show a good deal of uneasiness in connection with the reply, and express fears that its contents may not be so acceptable to their section of the Party as they had desired.

As I was able to state several days ago, Lord Kitchener has not resigned, but he has sent a memorandum which is now under the consideration of the Cabinet, indicating in which directions the Commander-in-Chief in India should have increased powers.

Many of Lord Kitchener's closest friends take it for granted that unless he gets the powers suggested in this memorandum he will resign, but this is hardly likely to arise, as the Kitchener party in the Cabinet are at present in the ascendant.

Despite the absence of anything definite, there is a feeling that the general election will take place in a few weeks.

Much will depend upon the course taken in the debate to-morrow night on "C.B.'s" vote of censure on the Macdonnell affair. The Radicals are convinced that there are dissensions in the Cabinet on this subject, and are determined to take full advantage of this, and to widen the breach if possible.

## MR. BALFOUR'S FINE.

Heckler on Motoring Brings a Blush to the  
Premier's Check.

The ebullient and irrepressible Mr. Swift MacNeill, whose "supplementaries" have for long been a feature of the House of Commons question hour was unusually busy in Parliament yesterday.

He has recently interested himself in the motor-car question, and yesterday he asked the Prime Minister whether his attention had been directed to the number of accidents, the result of the reckless driving of motor-cars, and generally whether the Government would institute an inquiry into the working of the Motor Act, with a view to the framing of fresh regulations in regard to their use.

"I think," said the Prime Minister, "the crime of reckless driving is one which is distinctly recognised by the Act, and that special penalties have been enforced, as they certainly ought to be."

But Mr. MacNeill was not satisfied. "Is the right hon. gentleman aware that some delinquents are let off? I think," he added, with an insinuating smile, "the right hon. gentleman himself was let off lightly."

The House laughed. The Premier coloured. "I was fined," he muttered, and a satisfied smile crept over the face of the Opponent. Mr. Balfour stroked his face to conceal the blushes.

Mr. Chamberlain, looking much better, attended a meeting of the Imperial Tariff Committee yesterday.

## MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The divorce suit instituted in Paris by Miss Maud Gonne against Major Macbride is down for hearing to-morrow.

It is believed that the shooting preserve on Lord Downshire's estate near Castlewellan, destroyed on Sunday night, was maliciously burnt.

The Sultan is feigning at Constantinople the Abyssinian mission, which has taken him presents of wild animals and birds from the Negus.

PARIS, Monday.—Dr. Motono, the Japanese Minister, called at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs yesterday afternoon and had a conversation of some length with M. Delcassé, Minister of Foreign Affairs.—Reuter.

After full inquiry, the jury investigating the circumstances attending the death of William Hurst, the noted trick cyclist, yesterday returned a verdict of Death from natural causes. In consequence of sensational rumours as to poisoning, the body, it will be remembered, was exhumed.

## BANDIT AND DIPLOMATIST.

Raisuli May Greet the German Mission  
to Fez.

TANGIER, Monday.—Much is being made of the fact that there was no hostile demonstration at the departure from Tangier of the German Special Mission to Fez under Count Tattenbach.

That the mission is taking the land route is instanced as further proof of German popularity in Morocco.

The French mission made a wide detour to avoid the country where Raisuli is paramount.

But it is expected that Raisuli will attempt to pay his addresses to the German diplomat.

Count Tattenbach's escort is a strong one. There are about 100 gorgeously attired cavaliers and 200 baggage mules.—Reuter.

## TROOPS BESIEGE A RUFFIAN.

PARIS, Monday.—Troops are watching night and day the house at Usseau, near Châtelleraul, in which a ruffian named Roy has barricaded himself—a new Fort Chabrol.

Having dangerously wounded three persons, he took refuge and fired on the police who went to arrest him, wounding five men. Then the military were sent for.

A soldier fired twice on him when he saw his face at a window, and a little later the report of a revolver was heard within the "fort." But this was evidently a ruse to make Roy's besiegers think he had committed suicide, for he was seen afterwards walking about in the rooms with a revolver in his hand.



## MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE

Tells a Pathetic Story of Her Domestic Life.

### RESTITUTION SUIT.

Under the heading of "Undefended Divorce Causes" the following stood in Mr. Justice Deane's list yesterday:—

W. R. C. R.—Lawrence, F. Q., v. Lawrence, G. Q.

It was not until the petitioner, "Lawrence, F. Q.," was asked by her counsel to go into the witness-box—"Mrs. Lawrence" he had said shortly—that it was realised in court that it was Miss Lilian Braithwaite, the popular actress, who was the central figure in the case.

The letters "W.R.C.R." stand for Wife's Restitution of Conjugal Rights.

Miss Braithwaite was seeking an order of Court that her husband, Mr. Gerald Lawrence, the young actor who has made a name for himself under Sir Henry Irving, should live with her and treat her as his wife.

#### Armed Neutrality.

Mr. Gerald Lawrence had refused to do this. When Miss Braithwaite, or, as Mr. Bernard described her, Mrs. Florence Lilian Lawrence, begged him to come back to her, he had replied:—

Oct 26, 1904.

I have received your letter. I would most certainly have returned to you if there was the slightest chance of a happy issue. Unfortunately long experience has taught me that this cannot be.

Putting ourselves aside, I feel it is necessary for the sake of our child that she should not live in an atmosphere of open disagreement or armed neutrality between her parents. I adhere to my former letter and confirm it.

The letter written by Miss Braithwaite to which this communication was the reply, had been as follows:—

Dear Gerald,—I understand you have repeated your refusal to live with me again. Before taking proceedings I ask you once again to return to me and restore those rights to which I am entitled.—LILIAN.

Miss Braithwaite looked very pale and ill as she stood in the witness-box. She was simply dressed,



MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.—(Johnston and Hoffmann.)

and answered the few questions which Mr. Bernard had to put to her in low tones.

The wedding took place at St. Stephen's, Gloucester-road, in 1897.

Counsel did not add that the young people had become engaged when they were members of the same company touring South Africa.

Unhappiness had made its appearance in their home through Mr. Lawrence frequently keeping away from his wife and the little girl who had been born to them. Business was sometimes the cause of his absence, but there were times when he made no such excuse.

When Miss Braithwaite remonstrated with him at the beginning of October last he announced his intention of not living with her again.

Mr. Justice Deane made the usual order that the husband should return to his wife within fourteen days.

Miss Braithwaite was for some time leading lady to Mr. Alexander's company at the St. James's. She played very well in "Old Heidelberg." Her last appearance at this theatre was as Lady Windermere.

Mr. Gerald Lawrence is at present playing King Henry in "Becket," at Drury Lane.

## ANGRY LABOUR M.P.S.

Trades Disputes Bill Amended Till Farcical and Useless.

So disgusted were Mr. John Burns, Sir Charles Dilke, and nearly the whole of the supporters of the Trades Union Disputes Bill with the action of its opponents in the Standing Committee on Law at the House of Commons yesterday that after vigorous protest they walked out.

The Bill was ultimately adopted and reported to the House for the third reading, but amendments proposed by Mr. Galloway and others have, in the opinion of its supporters, wrecked the Bill.

Mr. Whitaker, the Bill's promoter, urged that an amendment accepted on a division at the last sitting, providing that "under picketing in a strike no person should be annoyed," rendered the Bill an absurdity. He moved accordingly "That this Bill be not further proceeded with."

The Solicitor-General said that there was not the slightest chance of the Bill passing this session, and he questioned its bona fides. The promoters wanted a useful pretext to get out of the situation.

Lord Hugh Cecil said the promoters had themselves wrecked the Bill to secure an electioneering stock-in-trade.

The motion to withdraw the Bill was lost by 26 votes to 22. On the appeal of the Solicitor-General clause 2 was deleted, and clause 3 was amended after an obnoxious amendment to clause 2 had driven the Bill's supporters from the room.

## FORETASTE OF SUMMER.

Three Fine Days Brighten the Face of Nature in Parks and Gardens.

In three days the gap that separates spring from summer has been bridged. The cuckoo was calling in Kentish woods yesterday, inspired by the sunshine.

A temperature of 65deg. on Saturday, 69deg. on Sunday, and 63deg. yesterday appears to have wrought a marvellous transformation everywhere.

The shop-windows have put on a new dress, just as the people in the streets have appeared in lighter and more pleasing garb. In the parks and public gardens it is almost possible to see things growing.

But unhappily there is a possibility of cold winds and showers in the near future, and it will be well to remember the saw: "Cast ne'er a clout till May be out."

## "NICK O' THUM CHARITY."

Strange Old Custom Still Kept Up in East Lancashire Towns.

Bands of men from Burnley, Nelson, and other East Lancashire towns, duly celebrated the queer, old custom known as "Nick o' Thumb Charity" on the slopes of Pendle Hill.

They camped out in the open in true gipsy fashion, taking plenty of culinary appliances with them.

One company have the following extraordinary password, which each member must be able to recite before he is allowed to accompany them:—

"Thimberling Thistlethwaite thievishly thought to live through thin and through thick by throwing his thimbles about; but he was thwarted and thrashed, thumped and thrashed, with 30,000 thistles and thorns, for thievishly thinking to live through thick and through thin by throwing his thimbles about."

## SUBMARINE DANGERS.

BI Nearly Causes a Disaster Outside Portsmouth Harbour.

A dangerous adventure yesterday befell our newest submarine, B 1.

She was proceeding out of Portsmouth harbour, when she crashed into a barge. One of the barge's crew was injured, and the vessel had to be run on to a mud-bank to prevent her sinking.

Great damage was also done to the submarine; her superstructure was broken in, and her conning-tower injured. B 1 was, however, able to steam back to her moorings near the cruiser. Several and none of her crew were hurt, though several were on deck at the time of the collision.

## DARBY AND JOAN 'QUARREL.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Martin, of Ealing, have enjoyed twenty-two years of married life without a quarrel.

But on Easter Sunday, so it was stated at Brentford Police Court yesterday, Mrs. Martin took a cup of tea into the lodger before she served her husband.

Martin became enraged and struck her some violent blows in the face.

With regret the Bench imposed a fine of 10s.

## £100,000 FIRE.

Sinister Suggestion That It Is the Work of Incendiary.

## SEEN FOR MILES.

It is calculated that damage to the extent of £100,000 was done by a fire which broke out yesterday morning at the depot of Messrs. Godson and Dobson, coal and timber merchants, of Lansdowne-road, East Croydon.

Owing to the inflammable nature of the goods on the premises the flames instantly got a firm hold.

Firemen were soon on the spot, but though they worked with characteristic promptitude, intelligence, and energy, a large area of timber stacks, workshops, sheds, and railway trucks were hopelessly involved.

The outbreak then spread to an adjoining house, which was speedily gutted, and an unoccupied house on the other side of the premises was severely damaged.

The spectacle was a grand one. Flames shot high into the darkened sky, and for miles round a wide and sullen radiance in the heavens denoted the ravages wrought by the flames.

#### Early Spectators.

Despite the early hour throngs of people came from all parts on motor-cars and bicycles, and expressed great admiration at the manner in which the firemen tackled their difficult task.

Two long trains of green timber in the siding adjoining the place were smoking furiously when drawn out of danger by an engine of the London and Brighton Railway Company.

The origin of the fire, says the Central News, is supposed to be due to an incendiary.

This is the third fire occurring on successive Sunday evenings or early Monday mornings in the borough.

On police, it is rumoured, have arrested a man on the suspicion.

## FIVE CHILDREN SHOT.

Curious Story of Mischief by Man Alleged To Have Aimed at His Own Son.

Five children in a Manchester street received, fortunately only with slight injuries, the contents of a shot-gun fired by William Webb, who, it is alleged, aimed the weapon at his own son.

At the police court, yesterday, the boy declared that his father was trying to bring down a pigeon which would not return to the coop, but another witness stated there was no pigeon, and that Webb levelled the gun at his son, who just managed to jump out of the way.

The boy Webb admitted that his father had had some drink.

Webb, who is an expert shot, was committed for trial, bail being allowed.

## MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT

Will Join Mr. Frohman and Appear in Comedy in the Autumn.

Mr. Huntley Wright has decided on severing his connection with Mr. George Edwardes, and is to appear in the autumn under Mr. Frohman's management.

"I am delighted to have secured Mr. Huntley Wright," said Mr. Frohman last night. "He is to appear in the early autumn both in comedy and musical comedy. I should not be surprised if he made his first appearance in comedy, and, though he may feel a little bit shy at first without his usual 'background' of ladies, yet I expect he will soon get used to it."

"I have asked for Mr. James Blakely, of the Edna May Company, to come over and take Mr. Huntley Wright's place in 'The Little Michus.' This will save Mr. George Edwardes much inconvenience."

## WHY HIDE WILLS?

Government Will Guard Them for a Fee, but Will Not Return Them.

Constant advertisements for lost wills indicate that an important department at Somerset House is little known.

Instead of hiding a will in some obscure corner, or sewing it up in a mattress, testators may obtain the greatest possible security by placing it in the depository at Somerset House. The registrar, for a small fee, takes permanent charge of it.

But the testator can under no circumstances have it back again, though he may deposit a fresh will and destroy the first in the presence of the registrar.

Chiswick boys convicted more than once of gambling on Sundays are to be sent to prison without the option of a fine.

## GRIM DILEMMA.

Motorist Chooses the Less Terrifying of Two Disasters.

Mr. Henry Prosser, a plaintiff who appeared before Mr. Justice Wills yesterday, is the owner of two country houses—at Teddington and Hurstbourne Tarrant, in Hampshire—a yacht, and a motor-car.

He uses the latter to travel between his country houses, so he told the Court, and to meet his yacht at various ports.

One day in July last year he was travelling from one country house to the other, and proceeding at a pace that would satisfy the most exacting policeman along the Basingstoke road.

Between Camberley and Blackwater some carts were observed approaching. Mr. Prosser, the road being very narrow at this point, had only a little space in which to pass them.

As he was doing so, to his horror another motor-car jumped out from behind the carts, and came tearing towards him, so that a terrible front-to-front collision appeared unavoidable.

In desperation, Mr. Prosser ran his car into one of the carts, and escaped being smashed to pieces.

But his car sustained serious damage from the collision with the cart, so he sued the owner of the other motor-car for the injury.

The owner was General Sir Hugh McCalmont, but he was not on his car at the time of the desperate adventure.

Referring to the General's chauffeur, Mr. Prosser, who was very vivacious in the witness-box, said: "This maniac came dashing right at me. I considered the best thing was to pull in towards the carts, and take the chance of it."

The jury awarded Mr. Prosser £50.

## MOTOR-VAN ON FIRE.

Tons of Cotton Ablaze in the Highway Stops Traffic.

During a journey from Paisley to Glasgow a very singular mishap befell a large motor-wagon yesterday.

This vehicle was laden with seven tons of cotton, which caught fire. The van was soon a mass of flames, and the ignited bales burned fiercely. No fire brigade assistance was within easy reach, so that the fire was unchecked, and the van and contents were reduced to a wreck.

All traffic was stopped, the trams to Glasgow being considerably delayed. Three of them, it is true, made a dash past the blazing mass, but the experiment was not a pleasant one for the passengers. The damage is estimated at about £2,000.

Mrs. Butler, the Pimlico cyclist who collided with Dr. Burghard's motor-car on the Bath Road near Colnbrook on Sunday night, succumbed to her injuries yesterday. Her skull was fractured, and although she lingered for several hours, she never recovered consciousness.

## BIBLE FOR THE KING.

Copy of the Scriptures Bequeathed to the Crown by a J.P.

Among other people's money affairs probate was granted yesterday in some interesting wills.

I bequeath the "Breeches Bible," which formerly belonged to Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of King James I., to her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria (or other the Sovereign of this realm at my decease) if she will graciously accept it, to be placed with the few remaining memorials of that Prince in Windsor Castle.

So ran a clause in the will of Benjamin Atkinson Irving, a J.P. of Windermere.

Mr. John Mallison, described as of "The Union Workhouse, Bamsley, Yorks.," who died there on June 24, 1898, left estate of a gross value of £342 17s. 2d. His executor is Mr. John Edward Armitage, grocer, of Bamsley, Yorks.

## LONDON BEHIND PARIS.

London possesses no riverside place of succour where hot baths and blankets are available for the restoration of half-drowned persons.

When a constable stated this fact yesterday at the inquest on James McDermott, a commercial traveller, who threw himself off London Bridge, the coroner said that Paris possessed such rescue places, and it was high time London was also provided with them.

## SUPPOSED LOSS OF TWO LIVES.

From a pleasure trip on which a young man and a young woman embarked in a small boat at Peareth, on Sunday night, they have not returned.

No trace of them can be found, and it is feared that they have been the victims of disaster.



## CENTURIES BY FRY AND ARMSTRONG.

Australians Make 286 Against Notts  
—Hayward Saves Surrey.

## HIRST IN SPLENDID FORM.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last year's Cambridge Captain.)

The Australians made a disastrous start against Notts at Trent Bridge yesterday, losing Trumper, Duff, and Hill for but 14 runs.

Again it was a case of Noble to the rescue, and again he justified his nickname of "the man with the iron nerve." He was fortunate in having a life when he had scored 11, and even more fortunate in having such a partner as Armstrong.

Armstrong was in a "no time like the present" mood, and got a magnificent hundred, playing sound cricket throughout, tempered with some beautiful forcing shots. Wass and J. Gunn both had a good command over the leather, and bowled well, no benefit balls being thrown up.

Darling got 29 of the useful variety, and later Newland and Cotter hit out and fired the score up to 286, Cotter collecting 39 and Newland 25 not out.

Wass bowled fast throughout, and may be the "tight" bowler to turn out for the English side.

The "Fry Shot" at Lord's.

Fry got off the mark against the M.C.C. at Lord's with a magnificent knock of 156. He gave one chance early on in his innings, and also survived rather a confident appeal for leg-before. Throughout his long innings he played strenuous and attractive cricket, his driving especially being magnificent. Fry also played the "Fry shot" to leg very hard and very safely.

Fry forces the straight ball to leg by a method peculiarly his own, the power coming from a swirl of the body and the use of the forearm muscles applied at the last moment.

Hayward did yeoman service for his side at the Oval, and was mainly responsible for saving Surrey from a very mediocre performance. His 38 was a fine performance, especially as he wicket after wicket fell with but scanty addition to the score.

Lord Dalmeny was run out—a misfortune, as he is a good, natural hitter, who, if he gets his eye in, puts on runs as quickly as most.

Men Who Were Run Out.

There is a bit too much of this running out business this season. Against the Australians the Gentlemen of England lost Fry and Warner in this profitless manner.

To-day Lord Dalmeny for Surrey, Rothery for Yorkshire, Wood for Leicester, Baker for Warwick, Vine for Sussex, have all had to return to the "hutch" through faulty judgment in running. The record is much too heavy, and some of these wickets, thus uselessly thrown away, may make all the difference when matches come to be fought out to a finish.

Leicester put up a very poor contest against Lancashire, Kermode proving especially deadweight with the ball. In fact, so well did Kermode, Sharp, and Hallows bowl, that they dismissed the opposition with a run out to help them, for 72, Coe alone getting into double figures with a decidedly useful 27.

MacLaren and the Australians.

MacLaren dwarfed the rest of the side when Lancashire went in, making a grand 90 in a very short time. It is good work that MacLaren is getting into form so early, for it is notorious that the Australians consider him the most dangerous English batsman. Every side must have a captain, and if it is an authentic fact that Jackson will be unable to play in the Test matches—well!

Hirst, as I remarked yesterday, was bound to be on the spot with the bat very soon, and he kindly obliged with a fine 88 yesterday. Wilkinson put together 47, and later Haigh and Myers and a benefit, the former especially sitting very hard. Although there was no very big score notched for Warwick, the county managed to top the second century just comfortably. Fishwick 51, Quaise 34, and Lilley 41 were the principal scorers.

I omitted to mention above that Sprot played a great innings for Hampshire. He is one of the finest amateur batsmen of England, and would certainly make even more runs than he does but for the fact that he has so frequently to "stop the rot" for Hampshire. F. B. WILSON.

(Other cricket appears on page 14.)

## VIOLENT WEDDING CELEBRATION.

Because he had only been married a few days and had been celebrating the occasion, it was pleaded by his counsel that William Shave, charged yesterday with wilfully smashing a pane of embossed glass in an hotel in Canning Town, shd. 1 be dealt with lightly.

He was ordered to pay for the damage and 25s. in fines for being drunk and wrecking the window.

## HUMAN MYSTERY.

Stone Deaf Prisoner at the Old Bailey  
Who Cannot Read.

By reason of the stone deafness of an accused man at the Old Bailey yesterday, the Recorder was placed in an awkward and entirely novel predicament.

A warder shouted the charge in his ear, but the prisoner shook his head as much as to say: "It is no use. I am not malingering."

In the circumstances the Recorder called for a deaf-and-dumb interpreter. That, however, was equally useless, as the prisoner had not learned the sign language.

The next suggestion was that the evidence should be communicated in writing. But there was still another objection to this course. The afflicted man could not read.

After leaving the Bench to consult with the Common Sergeant, the Recorder decided that prisoner's counsel might lend his ears to his client, placing himself in the dock, so to speak.

The prisoner, who, strangely enough, could speak quite well, agreed to this, and the case proceeded.

## MARRIED HOLIDAY.

Magistrates' Clerk Falls from Hotel Window  
Before Starting Home.

Spectators in an Edinburgh street were yesterday morning horrified to see a gentleman fall from a hotel window, and after striking against a balcony drop a distance of sixty feet on to the pavement.

The unfortunate man, who sustained severe concussion of the brain and fractures of both ankles, is Mr. Edwin Raworth, of Harrogate, a magistrate's clerk, who has been visiting Scotland for the sake of his health.

He had just gone to his bedroom to pack up for his return to Harrogate when he was seen to fall.

## PIG IN COURT.

Disturbs the Majesty of Justice with Squeals  
and Grunts.

A little comedy, with a pig as the central figure, was enacted in the Brentford Police Court yesterday.

The animal made its appearance in a sack, and made its presence felt by a series of squeals and grunts that demonstrated but little respect for the august majesty of the law.

Two men admitted they had stolen it from Mr. Nichols, of Hall Farm, Heston, but the farmer said he could not identify it. A novel test was applied.

The pig was turned loose in his yard, and as the other pigs resented the intruder he concluded the stolen animal did not belong to him.

In recognition of their previous good character both thieves were dealt with under the First Offenders Act.

## "POSTAL POSERS."

An Exciting Pastime at Which All May  
Amuse Themselves.

Solving "Postal Posers" threatens to become the popular pastime of the immediate future, outstripping even the "Hidden Treasure" excitement of last year. In this case, however, the treasure-hunting is conducted at home; there is no need to arise at unearthly hours and sally forth with a pick and shovel, and, moreover, the amount to be won is much more tempting than in the case of the "treasure" boom.

The well-known "Answers," which claims to be the most enterprising journal under the sun, is responsible for the new craze. Starting with to-day's number, it will publish each week certain puzzle pictures, or "Postal Posers," in which will be "hidden" the names and addresses of actual living persons. To any reader who discovers his own name and address hidden in a picture the sum of £1 is. will be promptly paid.

On the other hand, the competitor who succeeds in deciphering the greatest number of "Postal Posers" will be enriched by the amazing sum of £500. As the second prize is nothing less than a £100 bank-note, while there are over one thousand other awards.

## ROBBED IN A POLICE CELL.

Joseph Morgan had the double misfortune of being arrested for drunkenness, and then, while in the cells, where there were other prisoners, of being robbed of all his money.

Nat Swinn was sentenced yesterday to five months' hard labour for picking Morgan's pockets and stealing another prisoner's boots.

For engaging apprentices to a bogus electrical business at Chatham-place, Hackney, and accepting premiums, Sidney Fielder was yesterday sentenced to six months' hard labour.

## MARKYATE FATALITY.

Remarkable Evidence by One of  
the Passengers.

## INSULTED BY CHAUFFEUR.

At the adjourned inquest yesterday at Markyate into the death of little Willie Clifton, killed by a motor-car on April 13, some remarkable evidence was given during the resumed examination of Mr. Richards, one of the occupants of the car.

Rocco Cornalbas, the chauffeur, who was committed for trial at the Herts Assizes at the close of the police court proceedings at Hemel Hempstead on Saturday was present.

Mr. Hildebrand Harnsworth, the owner of the car, did not attend, but was represented by Mr. Muir. The little iron mission-room was crowded.

In reply to Mr. Murphy, representing the Treasury, Mr. Richards said he left Coventry at two o'clock, and the driver had to blow his horn several times during the two hours' journey to Markyate, sixty-two miles away.

He did not see the child struck, nor did he see it lying in the road. He cried: "Whoa, whoa!" when he saw it run from behind the cart, a few seconds before the accident. He wanted to stop, and proposed to get down to make inquiry, but did not tell the driver why. Cornalbas said then, however, that he thought the mudguard had brushed against the child.

Mr. Murphy: When you knew this little hurt child was lying in the roadway, for all you knew seriously injured, you did not take the trouble that you would have done to have recovered your cap?—No, I did not do anything after.

Know Inquiries Were Being Made.

It was on Thursday afternoon, said Mr. Richards, that he first heard from Mr. Garbett that an accident had really happened, though he had had a telegram from Mr. Harnsworth before then.

He had not brought the telegram, which he thought referred to what had happened, but he and Mr. Garbett did not think the accident had been so serious. They thought Cornalbas would get into trouble, and knew by the telegram that Mr. Harnsworth was making inquiries.

Mr. Murphy: When you got the letter from Cornalbas asking you to give certain times, you knew something serious had happened?—Yes.

Weren't you concerned in the destruction of a letter inviting you to tell a lie?—Yes.

Did you consent to that letter being destroyed?—I told Mr. Garbett to destroy it if he liked.

On Easter Saturday, said Mr. Richards, when he and Mr. Garbett met the chauffeur at Euston, before Mr. Harnsworth arrived, he did not ask him the meaning of his letter, though he considered it an insult. He had told his solicitor, Mr. Curran, to tell Mr. Harnsworth all about it.

The "Daily Mail" offer of a reward had nothing to do with his coming to London.

Mr. Gill, for Cornalbas, elicited from Mr. Richards that after the accident the car slackened, about fifty yards away, to twelve miles an hour. When first seen the boy was ten yards off. He thought the brake was put on and the car swerved. Nothing more could have been done to avoid an accident, even by the driver of a horse and trap.

Mr. Richards expressed his deep regret for the accident, and said that if Mr. Harnsworth had not done so he would himself have been prepared to assist the child's relatives with money.

The jury returned a verdict of Manslaughter against Cornalbas, and censured Messrs. Garbett and Richards. They added that Mr. Hildebrand Harnsworth had done all that was possible to assist justice.

## BANKRUPT'S £500 COAT.

Lady Wantage's Nephew Will Pay His  
Creditors 20s. in the £.

Having expectations of an income of £80,000 to £100,000 a year, Lewis Richard Vivian Lloyd, aged twenty-two, who is a nephew of Lady Wantage, appeared in the Bankruptcy Court yesterday.

Among the debts were £2,392 for jewellery and £762 for clothes, of which £500 was for a fur-lined overcoat.

Altogether the liabilities amounted to £20,851, and the assets to £214,630.

An arrangement was being made, stated Mr. Lloyd's solicitor, whereby creditors would be paid in full, and a three weeks' adjournment was asked for and granted.

The debtor's life is insured for £150,000.

## TREASURER'S CARELESS WAY.

Binding a defaulting club treasurer to come up for judgment when called upon, Judge Rentoul, at the Old Bailey yesterday, remarked that many treasurers of clubs had a careless way of putting club funds into their pockets.

They frittered it away without thinking whose money they were spending.

Such cases occurred so extremely often that it would be advisable if these clubs had two treasurers.

## MAN UNDER THE BED.

Lady's Exciting Experience in a York-  
shire Vicarage.

Once again the woman's fear of a "man under the bed" has been justified by fact.

The step-daughter of the Rev. T. G. Little, vicar of Hutton Buscel, Yorkshire, had an exciting experience the other night when the family and servants were at evening service.

As she was changing her boots in her bedroom she saw Arthur Nicholson, a twenty-year-old labourer, of York, crouching under the bed.

With a shriek of terror, she fled from the room, but had the presence of mind to lock the door behind her.

When help arrived it was found that Nicholson had escaped by dropping out of the window, having, it is alleged, made off with two purses.

He was arrested an hour or two later, and at the Scarborough Police Court yesterday was remanded.

## GREEK FOR "FUNK."

Polite Name For What Our Forefathers Knew  
Merely as "Nerves."

A discussion on "traumatic neuroasthenia" lightened the hearing of a claim for damages brought in the Southwark County Court yesterday by Michael Butler, corn porter, against the Surrey Commercial Dock Company.

It was opened by Dr. Hertz, of Guy's Hospital, who stated that Butler was still suffering from this disorder.

Mr. A. Nelson (for the defence): I am only an ignorant layman, but isn't that only the Greek name for funk?

Dr. Hertz: It is a depressed condition of the nervous system.

Mr. Nelson: It is sometimes called the "jumps."

Dr. Hertz acquiesced, and later on stated that one could knock a man on the head and kill him without leaving any external sign of injury.

"Traumatic neuroasthenia," remarked Dr. Beech Johnson, "was common English nervousness, and in his young days was known as funk."

Butler was awarded £85 damages.

## PUBLICAN AGED EIGHT.

Presides at a Bar and Serves Liquor Without  
His Father's Knowledge.

A curious and successful defence was set up yesterday at Worship-street Police Court by the landlord of the Brighton Shades beerhouse, Euston-street, to a charge of selling beer during prohibited hours.

Whilst it was admitted that two men were served before opening time one Sunday morning, it was pointed out that the person who served them was the landlord's little son, eight years old, and he did so without his father's knowledge.

The little fellow appeared in court, and related how, after climbing on a sink, he drew the beer without assistance.

Mr. Cluer accepted the defence, and remarked that to convict would be to say that the son of eight was the servant of the father. The case would be dismissed.

## POLITE IN EXTREMITIES.

Defendant Lends His Feminine Opponent  
Money To Conduct Her Case.

A feminine suitor at Clerkenwell County Court yesterday said she had not the money to pay the hearing fee.

The Judge: Then I am afraid I shall have to adjourn the case.

Plaintiff: Cannot you deduct it from what he will have to pay me?

Defendant's Solicitor: She seems very hopeful of winning.

The Judge: I am afraid his Majesty's Treasury would not agree to county court business being conducted in that way. The Treasury would be constantly in the throes of uncertainty.

Here the gallant defendant came to the rescue. To save trouble he handed in the fee of 6s. to enable the case against himself to proceed.

Contrary to her sanguine expectations plaintiff lost her case, whereupon the chivalrous defendant remarked:

"I suppose it is good-bye to my 6s."

## SHAM DETECTIVE SENTENCED.

By using police note-paper and by telling plausible tales to the effect that he was very busy in connection with the Kensal Rise trunk murder, John Thurston Basham posed as a detective and borrowed £7 from a young woman at Norwood, whom he managed to meet regularly when she received her wages.

He also extorted money from a Brixton policeman for a bicycle, which, however, he never delivered.

At Westminster yesterday Basham was sentenced to six months' hard labour.







## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the Daily Mirror are:—  
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# Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1905

## CHEAPNESS OR CHRISTIANITY?

THE march of the Army bootmakers on London, which began yesterday, is really something much more important than the outcome of a local dispute about wages. It is a protest against our economic system—the system which upholds unlimited competition as the law of industry and trade, which says "Let us get everything as cheap as we can, never mind who suffers." The men who make Army boots say that 3s. 3d. is the lowest price at which soldiers' footwear can be fairly supplied. Any lower price than this means, according to them, that the workmen employed in the trade will not earn enough to live upon. Several firms have lately undertaken to make boots for 2s. 4d. a pair, and the object of the march is to ask the War Office not to give to manufacturers who starve their men.

In other words, these bootmakers are improving the nation (for the War Office is only the agent and servant of the nation) not to save money on Army boots by condemning those who make them to accept a wage insufficient to keep body and soul decently and comfortably together.

What will the nation say? Will it shrug its shoulders and quote the smug maxims of political economy, and insist on cheapness at any price? Or will it soften at the sight of these hollow cheeks and sad eyes, and listen with sympathetic fellowship to the stories of hungry children and despairing mothers and determine to pay a fair price, even though it cost them a little more?

We hope—and we believe—that the nation will take the latter course. Unrestrained commercialism is a curse and a disaster. Cheapness at the cost of human life and happiness is a crime. If the War Office does not see that for itself, it must be made to see it. It must not think to atone for the millions it has wasted by squeezing shillings out of these poor bootmakers.

We want the War Office to be economical, but even more do we want it to be true and just in all its dealings. No Government department must be allowed to grind the faces of the poor.

## DOGS AND MOTOR-CARS.

There would be a great outcry in this country if the Law should decide, as it has just decided in France, that, when a dog is run over by a motor-car, the blame rests upon its owner, who allowed it to stray, and not upon the driver of the car.

Yet there is a good deal of sense in this view, however unpopular it might be here. Not only motorists, but bicyclists and drivers of horses as well, know how very difficult it often is to avoid dogs. They walk about in the road quite unconcerned; sometimes they even fly at vehicles, careless of the consequences. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred in which they come to harm it is their own fault.

Strongly as all friends of dogs must sympathise with those whose dear four-footed companions are killed on the roads, yet we must not let our sympathy make us unjust. The great difficulty at present is that neither human beings nor dogs have yet got accustomed to the speed of motors.

They see one coming, and they do not in the least realise how fast it is going. They think they will have as much time to get out of the way as they would if it were a dog-cart or a carriage and pair. This is a frequent cause of accidents; and it always makes people ill-tempered to find a motor-car upon them so much sooner than they expected.

Not until we are all thoroughly used to motor-cars will the prejudice against them die away.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

There is a feeling of Eternity in youth which makes us amends for everything. To be young is to be as one of the Immortals.—William Hazlitt.

# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LORD RANFURLY, who is to lecture at the Royal Colonial Institute to-day on "New Zealand and Its Dependencies," is one of the most successful of our Colonial Governors. Everybody admired his courage and modesty when he was in New Zealand. On one occasion he had to make a speech at a dinner given by a body of Yorkshiremen, all experienced Colonists, and there, and he was a little doubtful what to talk about. It would have been absurd, he felt, to say anything to these old hands about the Colony they knew so well.

Accordingly Lord Ranfurly talked about horses, a favourite subject with the true Yorkshireman. When he sat down there was a perceptible stir in the audience, and one member of it turned to another and said: "Eh, man, yon lad knows smother. Ef it hadn't been for his brogue aw should ha' said he'd been born in Yorkshire!" Lady Ranfurly, too, was very popular in the Colony. She was the heroine of a fire which took place near the Governor's residence. She herself rushed into the smoke-filled house and rescued an infant sleeping in one of the lower rooms.

Prince Eitel Friedrich, the Kaiser's second son, who is staying with the Duchess of Albany at Claremont, is now, as always spoken of as the "spoilt child" of the Kaiser's family. Certainly, at the beginning of the year, when he was so

humour is inexhaustible. He was equally amusing when he was the most successful barrister in New York. Once his opponent had been abusing his clients in the most exuberant manner, calling them, amongst other things, "vampires." Mr. Choate waited until it was all over, and then he smiled in his mild and cheerful way.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, in a low voice which contrasted with the storming of the plaintiff's counsel, "do you know what a vampire is? Do you see the Quaker gentleman, my client, sitting with his gray suit and white neckcloth over there, and the inoffensive young man, his secretary, by his side? You have thought, no doubt, that a vampire was something terrible up till now, but how can that be so? These gentlemen themselves are vampires." The word sounded so ludicrous when thus applied to the "Quaker gentleman and his secretary" that the whole Court burst out laughing, and the effect of the "vampire" speech was spoiled.

Hearty congratulations to the most successful playwright of to-day, Mr. J. M. Barrie, who celebrates his forty-fifth birthday to-day. Since the days when he wrote "Walker, London," for Mr. Toole, Mr. Barrie has scarcely had a single failure. It was during the run of this piece, by the way, that he met his wife, who was a member of Mr. Toole's company. He made Miss Ansell's acquaintance

## FRANCE STILL THE UNWILLING HOST OF ROJESTVENSKY.



The Japanese newspapers are again complaining bitterly about the ships of the Russian Baltic Fleet taking refuge in French waters and provisioning in French ports. In reality, France is quite as anxious as the Japanese are for Admiral Rojestvensky to go.

seriously ill, his father's anxiety was quite painful to see. Prince Eitel has been rather more indulgently brought up than his brothers. As a boy he was delightfully unmanageable. One of his weaknesses was an objection to the morning bath, and sometimes he flatly refused to take it. After several of these refusals he noticed that the sentinels at the palace gates had ceased to salute him.

As soon as he returned from his morning's walk he therefore complained to his father, in an imperious manner, that the men had forgotten to do him honour. "Ah," said the Kaiser in a melancholy voice, "No one would ever salute a dirty boy." After that the bath was endured with patience every morning. Prince Eitel also used to eat greedily, like so many Germans, and showed a disinclination to use knife and fork. The Kaiser once sent him under the table, "because he behaved as a little dog, and must go where little dogs go." The Prince vanished under the table, and in a moment emerged thence in a state of nature, pointing out that he had taken his clothes off "because little dogs don't wear clothes."

We are certainly taking a "long farewell" of Mr. Choate, who dines in hall as a Bencher of the Middle Temple to-night, and he has been the hero of innumerable banquets during the last few months. The invention of any other man would be severely taxed as to what to say in reply to so much leave-taking, but Mr. Choate's after-dinner

first at rehearsals, and they became engaged during the successful run of the play. Mr. and Mrs. Barrie now live in a pretty white house, standing in its own garden, just in front of the park.

One wonders how people can still go on repeating the commonplace about Scotsmen having no sense of humour, while Mr. Barrie is still alive to contradict them. Have you ever heard him make an after-dinner speech? It is the funniest thing in the world. He is absolutely serious, absolutely immovable in the delivery of his absurdities. As an enthusiastic cricketer he was asked when Mr. Warner brought back those historic "singles" to preside at a dinner given by the Authors' Club in honour of the event. "I have only seen Mr. Warner play twice," he remarked in his speech. "The first time he made two; the second time he was not so successful."

All who value pluck and perseverance will be sorry to hear that Mrs. Brown Potter and Mr. Gilbert Hare have not been able to make a prolonged success out of their gorgeously mounted production of "Madame du Barri," and have decided to give up the fight at the Savoy Theatre. Still, though one admires pluck and perseverance, one cannot help seeing that intelligence is a factor which tells even more than these in the management of a theatre. What is wanted is not courage in the facing of failure, or money to spend in scenery, or anything else but a good play.

# THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

## WHERE DO WE STAND?

There is no doubt that the despised teetotaler has at length converted the best of the medical profession and of the clergy to the truthfulness of his contention that strong drink is the nation's greatest foe. I find that doctors who prescribe it usually take it themselves.

My advice is: Beware of drinking doctors. I believe many of your readers would agree with me in this—for reasons they could advance. Sir Frederick Treves deserves the thanks of the Daily Mirror's 313,558 daily subscribers for his condemnation of our drinking practices. J. NAYLER.  
Villa Rafa, Wimbledon.

Professor Victor Horsley, who is quite as distinguished as Sir F. Treves, holds the same opinion about alcohol.

I heard him say at the London Institute a few years back that alcohol, taken even in small quantities, such as are drunk at meals, gradually produced paralysis of the nerves and extremities. Epson. H. H. O.

I should like to ask Sir Frederick Treves one question. Is he a total abstainer from alcohol himself? St. John's Wood-road, N.W. SCEPTIC.

## STAGE ENGLISH.

Mr. Herbert says the "short form" of "my" is correct, and that actors are right in pronouncing "my child" as "me child" (not "mee child").

Would he say "I am going be train," or talk about a "ske-light" instead of a sky-light? English pronunciation is hard enough to understand, but if the "me" is not sounded what is the use of the letter at all?

SIGMUND SCHWAN (a learner of English).  
Bloomsbury-square, W.C.

## "THE CHEAT."

Though much interested in all you say about Mr. Collier's picture, "The Cheat," I think its real weak point is that both the cheat and her accuser quite fail to suggest the "smart" type which indulges in such gambling imbroglis.

The cheat herself has quite a British matron look, and both women are decidedly dowdy as to dress and coiffure.

A got-up person with the suggestion of a cigarette near her would have given local colour. CRITIC.

## IS HOME WORK BAD FOR CHILDREN?

Certainly, it is, so far as my experience goes. I have a girl of fourteen at one of the most famous of our high-schools. So much "preparation" is she given to do in the evenings that she can scarcely ever go to bed before 9.30. In the morning she is naturally tired, and disinclined to get up.

I am seriously thinking of taking her away, though I quite see how prejudicial to her education this would be. But health is the first thing to consider. AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.  
Clanricarde-gardens, Bayswater.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

M. Rouvier, the French Premier.

HE has a momentous choice to make. He has to say what position France is to take in the Russo-Japanese war. He must decide whether she shall openly cast in her lot with Russia by continuing to grant asylum to Rojestvensky or shall act honourably and neutrally.

One thing he is not likely to forget, and that is our alliance with Japan, for he is a great friend of England, and wants nothing better than to see England and France on the best of terms.

Everything English pleases him, especially English beef, English cheese, and English beer, and he speaks English fluently. But he is certainly not English in appearance, except that in height he stands over 6ft.

In build he is slim, and his complexion is as dark as an Arab's. His small, well-shaped head is partly covered—only partly—with fine dark hair. The lower part of his face is covered with a very pointed moustache and an almost equally pointed beard.

His eyes are his most noticeable feature. They are so unusually prominent. When he is excited they appear to almost start from his head. It seems quite wonderful how he manages to keep his eyes-glasses on. He probably would not, if he had not an uncommonly large nose.

But the most extraordinary thing about him is his age. He looks a middle-aged man, though he is sixty-three.

## IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 8.—The joys of a sunny May crowd thick upon us. Delightful it is to sit and hear the dull hum of the bees as they invade the blossoms of the pear-trees, to watch the white butterflies wander through garden and meadow, while from the distance cuckoo-notes are borne!

et the hot May sun will soon be too strong for the primroses. To-day thousands are gleaming in shady nooks. Cowslips, polyanthus, forget-me-nots, are also still early.

Nests are everywhere. A robin has built a mossy nursery in the budding honeysuckle, undeterred by the fact that the noisy woodcock machine passes close by. E. F. T.



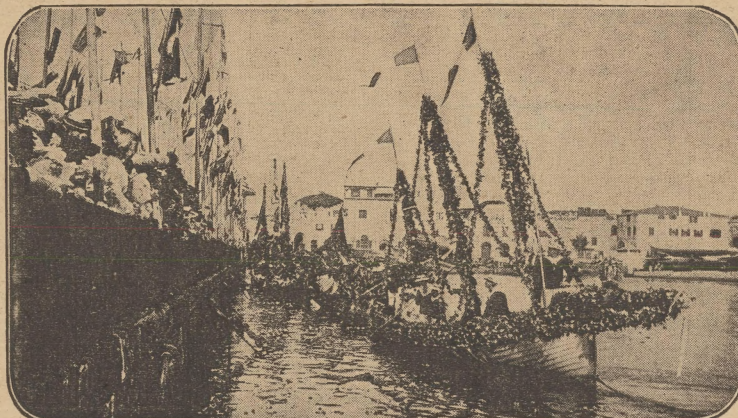
# ALL THE NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS

RUSSIA'S ADMIRAL.



The latest photograph of Admiral Rojestvensky, commander of the fleet which Russians hope will crush the naval might of Japan.

NAVAL BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT TOULON.



The naval battle of flowers at Toulon provided many gorgeous spectacles. The boat in the foreground of the photograph is the Marie Rose, which was wholly decorated with natural flowers.

SCENE OF YESTERDAY'S £100,000 FIRE AT CROYDON.



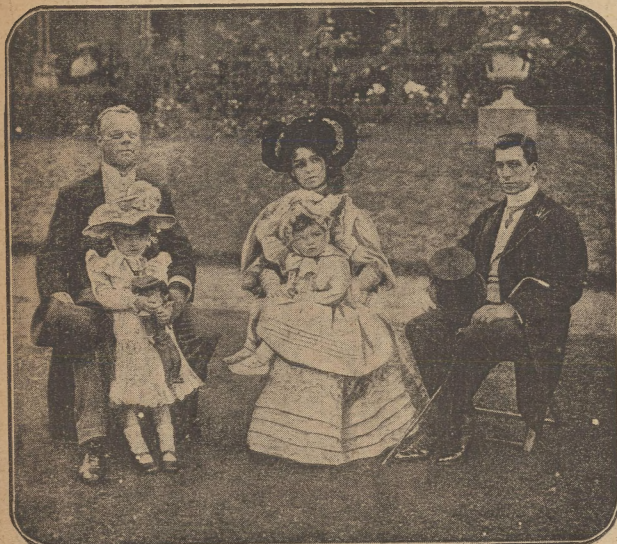
Scene of the destructive fire which broke out early yesterday morning in a coal and timber yard near the railway at East Croydon. It is estimated that £100,000 worth of property was destroyed.

PRACTISING FOR



Oxford undergraduates preparing for the regatta, which are so popular on both the Isis and the Thames. The ground is that of the Isis.

CELEBRATED ACTOR AND HIS DESCENDANTS.



Mr. Edward Terry, the celebrated comedian, appears on the left of this photograph, holding his little granddaughter. In the centre is Mr. Terry's daughter, with another of her children, and on the right is the actor's son-in-law. Mr. Terry, who recently returned from America, is now at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith.

PLAGUES THE TOWN CRIER.



Every time the Eastbourne town crier halts opposite the central band stand this dog sits by him and howls all the while the man cries to the immense amusement of the small boys of the town.

"THE DEATH OF NELSON"

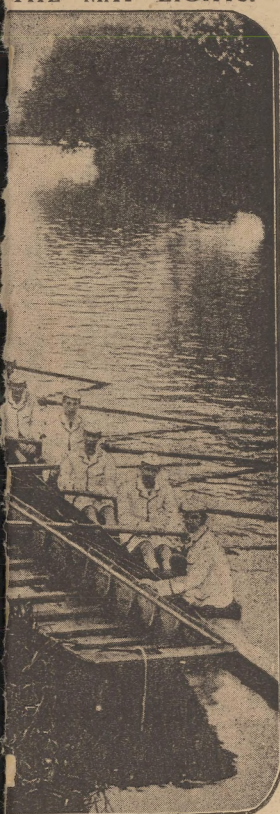


Among the attractions at the Naval and Fisheries Exhibition is the "Death of Nelson," part of which is represented by a canvas, which is no less than two years old. Adm.



# INTERESTING NEWS PICTURES.

## THE MAY EIGHTS.



the "May eights," the bumping races and the Cam. The crew in the foreground in the foreground of St. Edmund's Hall.

## GERMAN STUDENTS HOIST THE BLACK FLAG IN BERLIN.



The students in various parts of Germany bitterly resent the action of the Prussian Government, which has interfered in the disagreements between the Protestant and Catholic schools. Here the students of Berlin are seen marching in procession to the Charlottenburg High School to protest against the Government's action.



After holding a meeting in which the action of the Government was denounced, the students formed a procession and marched from the school. To mark their disapproval of an encroachment upon their liberties they have decided to refrain from attending the great fetes in honour of the poet Schiller.

## RUSSIAN IN JAPANESE HOSPITAL.



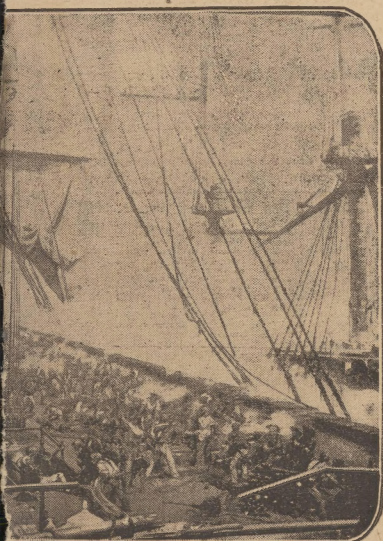
Colonel Melchanskie, a wounded officer of the Russian army, receiving massage treatment.

## ACTOR WHO DIED WHILE SINGING A SONG.



Mr. Charles Arnold, the well-known actor, who fell dead at the Savage Club while singing a song after the dinner given to the Association of Foreign Journalists. The lady standing behind the actor is his wife.

## EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.



Exhibition is the great scenic spectacle "Trafalgar" produced above. The artist, Professor Fleischer, has exhibited in memory of the centenary of the great battle's death.

## MR. P. M. NEWLAND,



The South Australian wicket-keeper, who understudies Kelly in the Australian team. His career has been remarkable, as his cricketing abilities were only discovered after he left school.

## GIGANTIC MOTOR-OMNIBUS IN PARIS.



This gigantic omnibus is now being tried in the streets of Paris. It weighs three and a half tons, and is so large that London motor-omnibuses would look like toys by its side.



## NEW LIGHT ON ANTS.

How They See with Their Noses  
and Hear with Their Feet.

Some remarkable discoveries about those very interesting little creatures, ants, have lately been made by a Miss Fielde, a New York woman of science.

She has lived among ants for six years. She has several ant-heaps in her home, and keeps the insects under constant and close observation. The results of her work have been communicated to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science, and have attracted much attention, both from naturalists and the general public.

In the first place, Miss Fielde set out to discover how ants could manage to recognise each other and material objects without having eyes to see with.

The solution she offers is most ingenious. Every ant, she says, has a special kind of smell. Members of the same family have the same smell. And everything that ants touch has a smell, too, imparted to it by them.

To enable them to steer their way safely among the smells, ants have two horns projecting from their heads. These horns have a number of joints, and each joint acts as a nose.

With one joint they can detect the particular smell of their own ant-heap or nest. If this joint is cut off, they wander about homeless.

Another joint enables them to recognise their relations. Cut that off and they will attack their brothers and sisters in the most savage manner, supposing them to be burglars and footpads instead of honest ants of respectable antecedents.

### DO NOT HEAR THEIR ENEMIES.

Another problem which puzzled Miss Fielde was: How do ants hear without ears? How do they know when enemies are approaching? What warns them of the neighbourhood of a boy with a stick to stir up their little feet, or a dog to scratch them up with vigorous feet?

Her explanation is that the vibrations caused by movement communicate themselves to the ants' feet. Alongside the piano they did not care if the "1812" Overture of Tschaiikowsky were played on it. The thumping made no difference to them.

But on the top of the piano they felt acutely every single note that was struck. They even betrayed great excitement when a small shot was dropped upon a long table, although they were at the other end of it, fourteen feet away.

Another fact Miss Fielde established was that ants have memories, and distinguish between people whom they have reason to like or dislike.

She took two colonies. The inhabitants of one she treated very kindly, giving them various dainties, such as flies, cockroaches, and spiders, and never interfering with their domestic arrangements. The other nest she constantly disturbed, taking food away from it and making it a very uncomfortable place to live in.

What was the result? The one lot of ants walked about her hands quite securely and happily, never tried to bite her, and showed no perturbation in her presence. The other lot rushed about in terror whenever she went near, bit her if she touched

them, and evidently regarded her as their worst enemy.

Here is another test of memory, which a writer in "Munsey's Magazine" prints as Miss Fielde told it to him.

In the summer of 1901 a number of common ants had been taken from under a stone and kept for three years in a nest by themselves. Then two ants were taken from under the same stone and placed in the nest. At first the newcomers were received with suspicion. Scores of tiny noses sniffed at them. But the doubt was only for a few moments.

"Hello, sisters! Glad to see you! How are all the folks at home? You must be hungry after such a long journey. Help yourselves to a beetle pie!"

Ants keep their comrades in mind for a long time. From one nest a queen ant—that is to say, the mother of the whole flock—was removed for nearly three months. When she was put back there was some hesitation, but in a few minutes her smell had been recognised, and her children began to fondle her most tenderly.

They do this by licking the object of their affection, by snuggling up to it cosily, and by patting it on the head.

It would be interesting to hear what Lord Avebury, who is such an authority upon ant-life, has to say to Miss Fielde's "discoveries."

### MADAME CALVE.



The famous operatic prima donna, who will shortly be heard at the Waldorf Theatre, London, has written the libretto of an opera entitled "The Nile."

### TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

**HAY FEVER.** By Walter Herring Pollock and Guy C. Pollock. Longmans, Green, & Co., 2s. 6d. An amusing story woven round the misadventure of a man with hay fever, and a wonderful cure for that irritating malady.

**THE NEW ANNUAL FOR 1905.** Edited by W. V. L. Simmonds. Alton Rivers, 1s. Handy little book of useful facts for the season, and club directory.

**COMPARTMENTS' CLUB LECTURES, First Series.** Edited by the Committee of the Compartments' Club. Macmillan, 6s. 6d. Excellent papers on imperial topics which have been read and discussed at the club's private meetings.

Merrick and Dolores are on a day's expedition from Vogel's horse together, where they are both guests. After a delightful day, he insists on her telling him why she refuses to be his wife, and she confesses the whole of Vogel's plot while assuring him of her love.

### CHAPTER IX.

Arthur Merrick felt far from happy as the station cab turned into the drive of the little Epsom house he had learnt to regard as his home. He shied at the meeting with Joe Marvis; he positively dreaded the meeting with Lyndal Maybrick.

And there had been such good pals, such very good pals—before Dolores appeared on the horizon of his life.

It was nothing to do with Dolores, he argued angrily, it was old Marvis's foolish interference.

What had he said to Lyndal? That was the thought that worried him. If he had said as much to her as he had written to him on that idiotic postscript the situation would indeed be awkward.

During the long and tedious journey from Newmarket to Epsom he had rehearsed the meeting with Marvis and Lyndal, rehearsed his explanation to the trainer "that the idea of Lyndal and her falling in love was idiotic—quite a mistake"—and all that sort of thing.

He could not very well say that he was not a marrying man with Dolores St. Merton in the background. But Lyndal would understand; it would not be necessary to explain to her—at least, he hoped not. It's not the easiest thing in the world for a man to tell a woman that he is not in love with her. It is far more difficult than telling her that he is in love.

Joe Marvis was sitting on the lawn beneath a big chestnut tree close to his roses smoking a before-dinner pipe; Lyndal was lying in a hammock by his side.

It was a pretty picture that Merrick saw from the cab, a very pretty picture. It stirred his heart, it stirred his conscience, it made him feel very bad. He suddenly felt like a pig-dog returning home—a most unpleasant feeling.

## COXEY MARCH.

Famous Parallel to the Bootmakers' March from Raunds to London.

The march of the bootmakers from Raunds to London is not without its parallel in modern history. Eleven years ago in the United States the Coxey Coxey marched on Washington, but that was a much larger business than the present one.

The bootmakers are marching on London 105 strong. The Coxeyites marched on Washington to the number of 7,250 from all parts of the States.

The unemployed problem was very acute in the United States, and Coxey, a Congressman of Ohio, originally the idea of 100,000 marching on Washington to demand relief from the Senate. They were not only to demand, but stay till they got it.

Accordingly, in the first week of April, 1894, bands all over the country started on their march. Each band, numbering from 100 to 1,000 men, was led by a local leader, but Coxey and two lieutenants, Brown and Jones, were in chief command.

The towns through which they marched, only too anxious to get rid of them by passing them on, provided them with food and shelter, and at first induced the railways to carry them free.

When the railways refused to do so any longer the Coxeyites resorted to violent measures. One band of 500 who captured a train on the Northern Pacific railway ran it for 400 miles in spite of opposition. They were pursued by another train containing a large sheriff's posse and a number of railway officials, but after a good deal of firing, in which several men were wounded, the Coxeyites were victorious. The band was eventually captured while asleep at night by a detachment of troops.

### THE REDUCED ARMY.

Other parties which tried to seize and run trains were captured and stopped, so gradually weakened the army. Other bands broke up through want of food. Only one band, numbering in all 336, arrived at its goal.

Its entry into the city was truly magnificent. At least so thought both Washington and the Coxey Army. Special trains bore spectators to see the show, and they cheered as though at a circus. The procession marched in though by three mounted police. Then followed Coxey's daughter, a girl of seventeen, dressed as an Angel of Peace, and mounted on a white horse. Behind her came a blaring brass band and part of the army; then a carriage containing Coxey and his wife; then the rest of the army with flags flying.

At the Capitol Coxey left his carriage and tried to make his speech, but was politely but firmly hustled back to his carriage by the police, and the procession moved on out of the town again.

Next day Coxey, Brown, and Jones made a prosaic appearance in the police court, and legal proceedings were begun which lasted for three weeks.

With true American shrewdness, however, Coxey had taken out a showman's licence, and the camp of the "army" became quite an enticing show, the price of admission being 1s., so the 336 were able to wait patiently for the "opera bouffe" finale to it all.

Then came the "opera bouffe" finale to it all. The legal proceedings in which Coxey and his lieutenants tried to pose as martyrs ended with twenty days' imprisonment and a fine of £1.

After that the Coxey Army ceased to interest anyone.

Lyndal Maybrick had already dressed for dinner; that was to say, she had changed from the short walking skirt, or neat habit—one of which she always wore—into something soft and white, with vague suggestions of fluffiness and laciness; something extremely simple and extremely girlish. She was the absolute antithesis of Dolores St. Merton in face, in figure, in dress. The contrast between the two women was so striking that it was something of a shock to Merrick.

The brilliant peony and the pink rosebud. Lyndal saw him as the cab turned the corner, and with a cry of delight she tumbled from the hammock and ran across the lawn to meet him.

"Arthur's arrived, Pat," she cried; "Arthur's arrived!"

But old Joe Marvis merely grunted and puffed a dense cloud of smoke from his mouth and remained seated beneath the tree. He was just as glad to see the truant runner as Lyndal, but he had no intention of making a fuss of her.

From behind his clouds of tobacco smoke, from the shadow of the trees, the old trainer watched the meeting between Lyndal and Merrick, and he noted with a quiet chuckle the latter's evident confusion and embarrassment.

"Sir Tatton was right," he muttered. "The lad's in love! What the deuce does he mean though by quarrelling with Lyndal? The quarrel was none of her doing, I'll warrant."

They came across the lawn together, a pretty picture for a poet with an imagination. Unfortunately, perhaps, Marvis was not born a poet at all.

"Can't say that your holiday has done you good," he growled as greeting. "You don't look half as well as you did when you went away."

"I'm feeling as fit as a fiddle," Merrick replied, forcing a laugh.

"You've got to get as fit as a fiddle," grunted the trainer. "What the deuce has been keeping you at Newmarket, eh?"

Merrick felt his face colour up like a girl's, and

(Continued on page 11.)

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## TENNENT'S



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## LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

### CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**LYNDAL MAYBRICK:** A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

**JOE MARVIS:** A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

**SIR TATTON TOWNLEY:** A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

**B. S. VOGEL:** A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public favour to the Derby. The Devil.

**DOLORES ST. MERTON:** A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

**ARTHUR MERRICK:** A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

**BILLY:** A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

### YOU CAN BEGIN TO-DAY.

Arthur Merrick is to ride the racehorse, King Daffodil, in the Derby, and, though the fact is kept secret, his victory is regarded as certain. The public favourite for the race is The Devil, a horse belonging to Mr. Vogel, who has learned this secret about King Daffodil.

Vogel has in his power a Mrs. Hilary, a fascinating society woman, whose drunken husband he is keeping broad. She is in love with Merrick, and he, with her, and Vogel hopes to force King Daffodil from winning.

Lyndal Maybrick, a ward of Joe Marvis, who is riding King Daffodil, is also in love with Merrick. She is a splendid horsewoman, has hidden in the secret that she has proved King Daffodil's certain victory. She believes that Merrick is in love with her, and so does Lyndal herself.



## BOOTMAKERS ON STRIKE MARCHING TO LONDON YESTERDAY.



The scene at Raunds, Northamptonshire, yesterday, when 115 representatives of the Army bootmakers on strike started their march to London to lay their grievances before the House of Commons.



On the road—the bootmakers' army marching from Raunds to Bedford, where they rested last night. Councillor James Gribble, their leader, is indicated by a cross.

## LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

he cursed himself for being such a fool. But Joe Marvis only laughed, and gave him a sly dig in the ribs and looked at Lyndal.

"Oh, you duffer," he cried jovially. "I'll forgive you—run and wash the dust off, it's getting near dinner-time. Lyndal was quite sure you'd turn up to-day, and she's ordered all your favourite dishes. But I warn you in future—I order your meals. You may smoke your last cigar to-night."

"Arthur won't mind giving up anything or everything for King Daffodil," Lyndal said confidently. Again the colour surged to Merrick's face. He felt a coward, a cur, a cheat. He felt that he had arrived and was sailing under false colours. He could not speak, his tongue was tied. Only his conscience spoke; that said many unpleasant things to him.

"Of course you'll see the King before you dress," Lyndal cried, taking his arm with frank sisterly affection. "Give me the key, Peter."

"I think I'd like to wash and dress first," Merrick stammered. "It's rather late, isn't it, and you dine at seven."

Lyndal stared at him in astonishment, disappointment for the first time shading her face.

"But you haven't seen him for weeks," she said in a changed voice. "He's looking so well—he'll be glad to see you—won't you come?"

"No, he won't," snapped the trainer, putting the keys back into his pocket. "He won't now."

"I always said that love makes a fool of a man," he growled as Merrick walked towards the house. "Preferring women to horses, taking more notice of a bit of petticoat than a stirrup leather—bah! Billy's right, it's a mistake his riding the horse at all. If I'd my way—"

He rose and knocked out his pipe and walked across to the stables himself, and, unlocking King Daffodil's box, entered and stood beside the three-year-old and patted his neck affectionately. King Daffodil turned his head and looked at Joe Marvis

with big, luminous eyes, eyes that had something of pathos in their expression, whilst something of the devil lurked in the corners where the white showed ever and again.

"Old man," said the trainer, "your pilot's turned up at last, and damme, he's not good enough for you. An angel ought to get across your back for the Derby; no one else is good enough."

King Daffodil shook his head and snorted violently as if disapproving his master's sentiments.

"It's true, though," Marvis said doggedly. "I s'pose you think I'm forgetting Lyn—she is an angel, but she can't ride you, my boy; Nature made a blooming error when she was born. Nature must have fallen asleep at the critical moment, but she was born a girl instead of a boy!"

"A girl!" He sniffed disgustedly. "And she has to wear silly lace things, and ride crooked, and train squalling kids instead of thoroughbred colts. Phew, what a boy she'd have made!"

King Daffodil nodded his head.

"There ain't much wrong with 'er as it is," came a deep voice from the open door, and Joe Marvis started, and turned and found Billy standing behind him with a world of meaning in his one sound eye, an eye that concentrated itself on two objects at once—the trainer and the colt.

"What the deuce are you doing here, eavesdropping?" shouted Marvis angrily.

"Beg parding, sir, but I saw the stable door open, and so, of course, I had to see who 'twas—and I wasn't eavesdropping, 'cause 'twas only you as was talking."

"I was—yes—I was talking to King Daffodil," stammered Marvis. "And you understand every word that he says," he added, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I does," said Billy. "And he wouldn't 'ave Miss Lyn any different to what she is."

Marvis shook his head, and ran his hands over the colt's legs.

"He's looking a picter, ain't he?" whispered Billy.

The trainer nodded. "And the temper of a saint."

"It's wonderful," muttered the old fellow under his breath. "It's wonderful."

Silence for a while; neither man spoke. Each stood gazing in silent admiration and affection at the future Derby winner. And the colt kept his head turned, watching them with great, sad, serious eyes, eyes like the eyes of a woman, "only with a deal sight more soul in them," as Marvis frequently said.

"It's wonderful," ejaculated Billy again, with a reverence in his voice that became humorous in comparison with his face.

"And to think that Flower Field was sire to both of 'em," said Marvis incredulously. "The King and that brute in the next box."

And, answering to his name, "the brute" in the next box rattled his heels lustily against the wooden partition.

"The brute" was a two-year-old, a mean, ugly-looking beast, a dusty chestnut, born with an incurable temper. He savaged every lad who came near him, kicked every horse within striking distance, and was generally a nuisance. And yet he was half-brother to King Daffodil of perfect manners. Marvis had bought him as a yearling for Sir Tatton. Sir Tatton three months ago had, in disgust, given him to the trainer. Marvis had tried to sell him in vain. He couldn't even give away the unnamed son of Flower Field!

"I'll have to shoot the brute," he said angrily. "And look here, Billy, don't put him so close to The King, it isn't safe. I can't have him here at all; put him—anywhere—in the cowhouse—until he's shot!"

Billy looked grieved.

"Now then, now then! Quiet there," Billy shouted, and the rattle of heels ceased to offend.

"You've a strange power over that colt," Marvis said, almost suspiciously. "You're the only lad in the world who he'll pay any attention to; it's uncanny."

"No, it ain't uncanny, it's merely sympathy, master. We understands one another; we was both born vicious-like, you see; it's hard lines being

(Continued on page 13.)

## SKIN ILLNESS.

There is not a single portion of the body which is not subject to illness of some kind or another, and it is simply amazing to see how innumerable are the varieties of disease. The variety of skin ailments alone is enormous, and the study of such affections has been quite sufficient occupation for the lives of many doctors. Anyone looking through the well-known family handbook on "Skin Troubles" referred to in these columns on previous occasions will find references in it to the following amongst other skin affections:—Acne Rosacea, Baby's Skin Troubles, Bad Complexions, Baldness, Barber's Itch, Boils, Blotches, Burns and Scalds, Chilblains, Corns and Bunions, Dandruff, Delicate, Sensitive, Irritable, Easily Chapped Skins, Skin Troubles affecting the Ears, Eyes, Feet, Hands, and Scalp, Eczema, Chronic and Acute Eczema of the Legs, Erysipelas, Facial Blemishes, Flushings, Freckles, Gouty or Rheumatic Eczema, Herpes or Shingles, Ingrowing Toenail, Insect Bites, Itch, Leg Wounds, Lip and Chin Troubles, Lupus, Netterash, Parasites of various kinds, Piles, Pimples, Psoriasis, Ringworm, Scrofula, Warts, and Wrinkles. These are merely some of the troubles that affect the skin, many of them unsightly, and all causing discomfort if not acute pain and suffering.

### NOTE THE FIRST SIGNS OF SKIN ILLNESS.

Immediately your skin looks red, rough or has pimples upon it, or anything of that kind, give it attention! Don't say it is too much trouble to do this, as you will probably give yourself twenty times as much trouble if you neglect it, and you will certainly be sorry afterwards if you have one of the graver troubles mentioned above, just because you failed to avail yourself of a simple but marvellously successful remedy that you can commence using now. We have been so delighted by the evidence we have had of the interest our readers take in the subject of skin health, and the hundreds of letters received daily prove conclusively that our advice has been appreciated. Our handbook is honestly worth having, containing, as it does, so much interesting and valuable information, the accuracy of which may be thoroughly depended upon. It shows in such a clear manner the way to keep your skin healthy and beautiful, that you really ought to have it.

### IMPRESS THESE FACTS ON YOUR MIND.

"Antexema" was the discovery of a well-known doctor, and it cures every form of skin trouble, however serious, and is the very thing for everyday accidents, such as burns, scalds, bruises, blisters. That is why "Antexema" has become a household remedy. Gentlemen who suffer from tender and irritable skins, and who therefore dread shaving, find comfort and healing in the use of "Antexema." One very strong point in favour of "Antexema" is that the moment it is applied the irritation stops. It is rapidly superseding and is far superior to cold cream or other such preparations. Cold cream merely cools and soothes, whilst "Antexema" not only soothes and cools, but also heals, which is a most important point.

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There is nothing mysterious about the healing and curing powers of "Antexema." When it is applied to the skin it forms an invisible coating over the affected parts, and in that way makes a sort of temporary scarf skin, fresh, healthy, natural skin being thus enabled to grow again. No remedy can be more simple, reasonable, or effective, and there can be no real reason for hesitation as to giving a trial to "Antexema." The result, as you do this will be both convincing and conclusive.

### STRIKING LETTERS.

The evidence of the value of "Antexema" is simply overwhelming. We ourselves are surprised at the enormous number of letters we receive every day asking for further information, for supplies of "Antexema," or telling us striking stories of the wonderful cures "Antexema" has worked. We give two or three of those recently received, and which are typical expressions of opinion, but the number might be indefinitely increased. In one letter after the other the writers say the only regret they feel is that they did not know of "Antexema" before, so they might have been cured sooner.

E. M., Strood, writes: "Antexema" has done my baby more good than all other medicines put together." W. K. V., Plymouth, writes: "I applied 'Antexema' every evening, and in a few days my hands were completely healed, after suffering with chaps and eruptions for five years." C. A. Saul: "Antexema" has done me a lot of good, and I am so thankful, as I have been suffering with eczema for twenty years." R. K., Acton, writes: "For years I have suffered from spots on the face and irritations, but since using 'Antexema' the irritation has stopped and the spots disappeared."

### HAVE YOU HAD OUR FAMILY HANDBOOK YET?

A copy of this most useful book is enclosed with every bottle of "Antexema," or, if you still have any lingering doubts as to the value of the remedy, you can have a copy gratis, for which see offer at foot. In any case, you certainly ought to have a copy, as it is such a handy book of reference.

### OUR OFFER TO YOU.

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1d. per bottle, or direct, post free, in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d. Read our family handbook, entitled "Skin Troubles," enclosed with every bottle. It will also be sent post free to readers of *Daily Mirror*, together with free trial of "Antexema," if this paper is mentioned when writing and three penny stamps are enclosed for postage and packing. Letters should be sent to "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W.



# THE MAIN ESSENTIAL OF A WOMAN'S WARDROBE.

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## THE IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD CORSET.

The stay-makers of olden days did not know anything about anatomy; all they attempted to do was to lessen the waist measurement and to encase the rest of the figure in the cast-iron embrace of a cruel and torturing corset that frequently caused disease and often dealt out death to foolish victims. To-day's best corsetières could pass an examination on anatomy, and that is why they can produce a small waist, and a neat figure above and below the waist, without rendering the smallest injury to the delicate organs of the body.

Most assuredly there never was a moment at which the importance of wearing a good corset was more emphatic. The days of the pouched blouse are over; they were glorious days for the girl who was too lazy to bother about her figure, and for the woman who slipped into a straight-fronted stay she could turn round in, and thought she was obeying all the dictates of the mode. The mode was certainly a little lax then. But fashion is going to make up for her indulgence this season by demanding the very neatest and most exquisitely moulded figures, which are to be made evident by corsets that fit like gloves. So that is why the stay is of paramount importance now, and why no girl or woman can afford to do herself the injustice of being careless in this respect. All should immediately embrace the opportunities here

placed before them of corseting themselves to perfection.

Pray let this then serve as an introduction, if their wares are not already known to you, of the



Two marvellous corsets, price 10s. 11d. and 15s. 11d. Full particulars in adjacent lotterpress.

London Corset Company, 28, New Bond-street. You gasp and say that here, at any rate, reasonable charges can scarcely rule. But you are wrong. In this account of the enterprise of the firm two corsets only are going to be mentioned as a guarantee of the reasonable prices asked. They are both modelled most beautifully, both specially constructed to suit girls and women of various sizes and builds, and both made in Paris, the house of the stay at its most perfect development, and the place where all the Samothrace corsets are made.

The first corset to be described, which will be seen on the left-hand side of the picture, is a lightly-boned one, specially designed for a normal figure, and is made in any size up to a 25-in. waist; over that measurement the other stay is the one to choose. The one under consideration now is to be purchased in black coutille, with a blue spot upon it, or in lawn coutille spotted with blue, and is daintily trimmed. Furthermore, it is fitted with two pairs of suspenders, because, being lightly boned, side ones are requisite as well as those in front.

The woman who likes a lightly-boned stay should try this, for it will mould her figure most elegantly and make her morning dresses look just the epitome of fashion they should do. As for its price, it is the most marvellous thing about it, for the corset, as it is sketched, costs only 10s. 11d., and that though it comes from the great shrine of the stay at its best!

## A SPECIAL MODEL.

But now for the naturally robust and even stout woman, and the one whose inches are creeping upwards in numbers. She is to be specially catered for, because she requires heavier boning, more support above and below the waist, and the least supply of trimming possible, so that no superabundant addition of material shall make her look still stouter. It is wonderful to think that for 15s. 11d. all these desirable characteristics can be obtained. Absurdly small is the sum, yet the corset is a treasure, as any woman who buys it will admit.

It is exquisitely modelled and finished in every way, and has one pair of suspenders, while for the sum of half-a-crown an extra pair to wear at the sides will be provided, though they will not be found necessary. It should be just mentioned en passant once again that these are only two out of the vast store of stays supplied by the London Corset Company, so that every customer who visits this address or posts an order to it may be certain of finding perfect fit to suit her own particular requirements.

## DAINTY BLOUSES.

In the department devoted to blouses and slips there are some of the loveliest white lingerie blouses it is possible to find anywhere. One of the now so fashionable linen shirts is beautifully embroidered by hand, and when worn with a turn-over collar and soft tulle stock looks delightfully fresh and pretty. The cost of it is only 10s. 6d. Another notable model is a daintily dainty net slip, elaborately tucked and inset with lace, and made with the smart elbow sleeves that are the latest cry in the fashionable world. This is essentially an evening blouse, and would look particularly well at a theatre because it is so daintily trimmed both back and front. The sum of 19s. 11d. purchases the model.

## ZOX Cures Neuralgia



The illustration presents in the prominent lines the nerve of the fifth branch, which are most liable to the attacks of Neuralgia. All who suffer will be glad to know of ZOX, a simple and sure remedy, certified free from injurious substances by Dr. A. B. Griffiths. The Proprietors of the remedy offer to send two free sample ZOX Powders to any reader of the DAILY MIRROR who will send stamped, addressed envelope. The ZOX POWDER can be obtained of Chemists, Storekeepers, etc., at 1s. 6d. a box, or post free from the ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

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PER YARD 2" IN ALL COLORS  
WE GIVE YOU THE LINING FREE

**LADIES!** You are sure to want a Creppoline dress this season. They are so very fashionable and dressy. We have 200 Creppoline in Black and 200 Fashionable Colours, at 20/- per yd., carriage paid, 40/- wide; and just to advertise same we are presenting 50/- Plainest Shirt Lining to match (worth 5/-) with each dress length. **STYLISH TWEEDS ARE STILL THE FASHION** and we have an endless and charming variety from 15/- to 25/- Charming House Frocks, Stuffs and Embroidered goods. **PATTERNS AND WASHING CATALOGUE FREE.** HARTLEY & CO., 111, Stansley Rd., Leeds.

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Enclose Coupon with  
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## FREE TO THE DEAF

HEARING RESTORED. HEAD NOISES COMPLETELY  
PASS AWAY.

693, City-road, Deep Pits, Sheffield.

Dear Sir,—I am a Coalminer by trade, and, as the result of working in draughty places and catching one cold after another, suddenly became quite deaf in the left ear. I was also very much troubled with "thumping" and "ringing" noises in the head, which were most unpleasant. After reading about a number of cases of Deafness that had been completely cured by your method I placed myself under the "Keith-Harvey System." I have much pleasure in stating that I can now hear quite well, and the head noises have also completely passed away. You are quite at liberty to publish my name in any paper you please, and I shall be most happy to recommend your System to anyone.—Yours faithfully,  
28th April, 1905. R. RYDER.

Mr. R. RYDER.

"MY HEARING IS COMPLETELY RESTORED."

10, Lindum-terrace, Rotherham, Yorks.

Dear Sir,—After a severe cold my hearing gradually became affected until I was only able to hear the watch tick when held close to the ear. In addition to this I was also very much troubled with a constant "buzzing" noise in the ear, which never ceased day or night. After reading an account of the "Keith-Harvey System" in the "Sunday Companion," I made up my mind to adopt your treatment, and I have now much pleasure in stating that, thanks to your remedies and instructions, my hearing is completely restored, and the head noises have entirely ceased. You are at perfect liberty to use my name if it will be of any service to you or the community.—Yours truly,  
25th April, 1905. (Miss) JANE CASTLE.

Miss J. CASTLE.

## IF YOU

are a sufferer from Deafness or Head Noises, and desire a complete and permanent cure, write at once to Professor G. Keith-Harvey, 117, Holborn, London, E.C., for Pamphlet, fully describing an entirely new self-applied method, which will send you gratis and post free on mentioning the "Daily Mirror."

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From 6s. per Month.



Enjoying use of same while it is being paid. Designs post free. W. J. HARRIS & Co., Ltd., 31, Rye Lane, Peckham, London, and Branches.

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...K.  
...COILED BY UN-  
...INESS.

The careful manner of walking is so unusual as to attract attention by its rarity. Two-thirds of the women one passes in the streets spoil the effect of a well-planned toilette by an awkward and un-  
...carriage. Some hurry on with chin and shoulders thrust forward, their arms jerking with impatience, and not one movement of grace in the whole body.

This defect is largely due to the general nervousness and lack of repose that is so frequent in these days. It can and should be controlled. Others by their dawdling, dragging gait, go to the opposite extreme, exhausting themselves, because in this way every part of the body is carried as a dead weight.

#### Book Balanced on the Head.

To be able to walk correctly is to possess a spring of youth, in movement at least. The first step towards this end is to learn to stand properly. Then throw the chest out, and if you rise on the toes without swaying the pose is correct. Holding a book balanced on the head will cause a woman unconsciously to take this position.

To avoid the strained look assumed by many when trying to stand upright, practise the following simple method of acquiring an erect carriage until it becomes second nature. Stand against a door so that the head, shoulders, elbows, palms of the hands, and heels will all press upon it at the same time. It will be difficult to retain this position for more than a few seconds at first. Persevere until you can hold it for a full minute three times a day.

#### What Is So Fatiguing.

It is because so many women and girls persist in throwing the strain of the whole body on the spine and small of the back that they tire so quickly when walking for any distance. Next to the lungs and stomach the spine is the most abused part of the human structure.

Breathe deeply while walking. When the lungs are well filled the step acquires an unconscious buoyancy, which lessens the exertion and adds grace to all the movements. A firm, free step is a necessary adjunct, but the woman who attempts a manly stride, which is much too long for her, rolls in her gait in an awkward and unattractive manner. Let the ball of the foot touch the ground slightly in advance of the rest of the foot; this also will only be gained by practice, but it will be found a great help in walking when it is achieved.

After long walks, either in the country or town, the feet should be bathed well with hot water and soap, and be rubbed afterwards with bay rum, eau de Cologne or methylated spirits. A short skirt and sensible shoes are absolutely necessary for comfort to the walker. Sea salt, hot water, and a brisk rubbing with a rough towel will be found most beneficial to tired and aching feet.

#### WHAT WE ARE TOLD.

That parasols are to have very long sticks with a hinge in the middle so that they can be folded to quite a small size, and the handles and sticks will be tinted to match the silk of the cover. The parasols themselves will be made mostly of taffetas with embroidery and insertions of lace on the gores, and inserted pompadour ribbon on the border, without frills at the edge, and they must match the costumes with which they are used in colour.

That lace is being embroidered very frequently with beads, paillettes, gold and silver threads and coloured silks or chenille. These laces are taking the place of the tinted ones that were so fashionable last year.

#### LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

born vicious, it's a job one hasn't a say in at the time. You tamed me, master, or I'd a been—shot—or hanged, I s'pose. There ain't no one to tame the brute."

"The brute" fired off another volley with his heels. He was listening.

Marvis scratched his head and sighed.

"I'm afraid we must shoot him; in fact, it isn't safe keeping him; he must be shot at once."

"Don't shoot him, master, I'm mortal fond of him, and me of me," said Billy softly.

He opened the door of "the brute's" box and put his arm round the brute's neck; and the brute rubbed his nose against the old man's hand and behaved as if he were the quietest, gentlest creature on the face of the earth.

"Don't shoot him, master."

The brute laid his ears flat and his eyes flashed dangerously white. Old Joe Marvis laughed.

"You're a confounded nuisance, Billy."

Billy nodded. "I was born so."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll give him to you on one condition."

Billy's ugly face lighted with a joy that was not a fourth cousin to divine joy.

"I know you'd like a pet animal of your own," continued the trainer, laughing as he spoke, "be-



A very smart dress for demi-toilette, comprising a tail-coat made of pearl-grey and rose brocade and a vest and skirt of grey tulle covered with crystal paillettes.

#### ONE WHO CAN BE TRUSTED. THE KIND OF MAN A WOMAN LIKES.

Every woman likes the manly man, the man who is gentle and kind. She likes a man who is truthful, and she likes a man with dignity. The ideal man is the cheerful one. He not only is never miserable himself, but he cheers other people by his cheerfulness. The man who would be popular with women must keep them at their ease. His companionship must be close, honest, and warm. The man whom women like is not a bore. He dresses neatly, is a good entertainer, has a mind of his own, is versatile, and is not a flirt. If he makes an appointment he is there true to time. It is strange but true that while women best like the men who are popular with men, the women men most like are unpopular with women. This is because women are jealous of those of their sex who have many male friends, and they take it that a man who has won the esteem of the people of his own sex is someone worthy of their regard.

The sensible woman likes neither the stingy man nor the spendthrift. She would not have a man boast of his wealth, his accomplishments, or his conquests. But, above all, the man whom women like best is the truthful man, the man in whom confidence may be safely reposed. There can be no happiness with a man who cannot be trusted, for trustworthiness is the foundation of all other happiness.

cause I've spotted that mouldy jackdaw you keep in your room; so I'll give you the brute, and you may keep him in the disused corner of the cow-house; but understand—if ever I see him near the other horses, if ever I hear him, if ever he breaks loose or makes a nuisance of himself—that day he dies."

Billy was silent a moment; his back was towards Marvis; he was still caressing the ugly, vicious two-year-old.

"You're mine," he whispered under his breath, and Joe Marvis heard what he said. "You're mine, my very own—you'll behave yourself, won't you, you'll behave?"

"What'll you call him?" laughed Marvis.

"Faded Flower would be a good name, eh?" Billy shook his head.

"I'll just call him The Brute," he said quietly.

"Shall I lock up, master?" Mr. Merrick had returned, you know; he'll ride the King at exercise to-morrow morning."

"It's time he come," Billy replied sourly.

"And mind you make yourself agreeable; no sulking, Billy! If you can give Mr. Merrick a few tips, do so; King Daffodil has got to win, that's all that concerns you."

"I'll do my best, you know that; but as for giving Mr. Merrick any help—lor! given! advice to an amateur is asking for trouble!"

#### CHINESE BOY AT SCHOOL. SHOUTS LOUDLY AND WRITES WITH A BRUSH.

When a little Chinese boy is six years old he begins to go to school, and the event is so important that a fortune-teller is consulted, so that a

schools each boy shouts as loud as he can. When he has learned his lesson he goes up and gives his book to the teacher, then turns his back and recites it in as loud a voice as possible. When he learns to count he uses balls set in a frame like a slate, and these balls slide on wires.

For writing the Chinese boy does not use a pen, but a small brush dipped in ink. Each boy makes his own ink by putting water on a stone and rubbing a cake of Indian ink in it. With this he fills his brush, and beginning at the top right-hand corner of the paper writes towards the bottom.



The hat depicted above was much admired yesterday by the Countess Fabricotti's guests at her newly-inaugurated shop, 5, South Molton-street.

lucky day may be chosen for his first appearance. He always wears new clothes for the occasion, and with his head freshly shaven and his pigtail nicely plaited down his back he walks beside his father till he reaches school.

Here he marches up to the teacher and gives him a present. Then he burns incense before a tablet bearing upon it the revered name of Confucius. Afterwards he takes his place on a high stool behind one of the many little desks and draws out from the great sleeves which serve him as pockets his slate, toys, and books. In Chinese

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Icilma Natural Water is a marvellous, painless remedy for styres, eyes chaffing, chaps, nettle-rash, sprains, bruises, cuts, burns, and insect stings. Prevents and cures sunburn, prickly heat, eczema, and irritations from heat riding or weariness.

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(To be continued.)



18



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At the annual general meeting of the English Rugby Union on May 18 it will be proposed and seconded, "That the acceptance of duties corresponding to those of a newspaper reporter or occasional correspondent will for the future be held to professionalise any Rugby Union player or referee."

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You are not yourself; everything is wrong; the world seems out of joint. Folks who brush against you seem to do it just to vex you. From the moment you get out of bed everything has annoyed, nothing has pleased you. But the evil is in yourself—not in your surroundings; there is that horrible brooding headache, like the boom of thunder from temple to temple—there is that sickening feeling at the sight or smell of food—that nauseous wind which constantly rises to remind you that the bile is not doing its work—that dizziness that seizes you every now and again—that irritating tendency of two lines to run into one when you read—that inability to concentrate your thoughts or energies—that general feeling of wretchedness—that morbid humour which makes you hate everybody and everything—these feelings are upon you, and have turned life into a nightmare. The secret is out in one word: liver! You want a dose of Dr. Scott's Bilious and Liver Pills to teach that organ better manners. Nothing else just like them. They are sold at 1/6 and 2/6 to any chemist, and those who take them never know they have a liver. Be sure you get Dr. Scott's pills. They come up in a green package for distinction.

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